

Pretty Boy

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Pretty Boy

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Summary

Sometimes, George smiles just right, his teeth pushed together and lips tugged up wide, and Dream thinks he could fall in love over and over.

Dream thinks he probably already is in love

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or, George is unbelievably pretty and Dream is hopelessly in love.

Notes

entirely inspired by how pretty george looked in the new shirt 2nd channel video i was speechless

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream wishes he could put it into words, wishes he could look at George and think more than, *pretty, holy shit, he is so pretty*. Sometimes, George smiles just right, his teeth pushed together and lips tugged up wide, and Dream thinks he could fall in love over and over.

Dream thinks he probably already is in love.

In love with everything about George, in love with how much George cares about his fans, how much more he cares about his friends, in love with the way George sighs gently over call when he's tired, in love with the way George's headphones leave a little dent in his hair, and Dream wants to

reach through his monitor and fix it so badly his arm aches.

Dream thinks it's probably George's hair's fault that he can't look at George without reciting poetry in his head. Sonnets about beauty never seen before and love interests so breath-taking the reader stutters.

George wants to grow it out because the fans like it when his hair is longer, and Dream fights off a grin when George tells him, has to pretend his heart isn't growing three times in size over how *considerate* George is. He fails, because Dream can't seem to be able to do anything but smile when George is involved.

Dream knows George isn't sure about it, is used to short, back and sides, please, and it takes all of Dream's willpower to not tell George right then and there that he's the most beautiful man in the world, and Dream thinks he'd look ethereal with longer hair, dark brown strands curling at the ends.

It's painful in a way, when late night facetime calls turn from giggles and video ideas to Dream staring at the hair tickling George's eyebrows and forcing himself to not say something stupid. To not say something like, George, I think I'm in love with you, to not whisper about how badly Dream wants to press a kiss into the crown of George's head.

It's the best type of pain though, it's pain that tugs at the corners of Dream's lips until he's bursting out in laughter over some shit joke George made, it's pain that squeezes his heart tightly in a fist of adoration when George hits new milestones, it's pain that keeps Dream up at night, picturing George smiling with the sun shining in his eyes and cheeks flush with happiness.

George makes Dream's stomach fall, but in the good way, in the way it falls when you plummet to the bottom of a roller coaster, teeth cold from the wind.

It was bound to come to a head at some point, Dream knows that good things expand or leave, knows that he couldn't spend the rest of his life catching his breath over call because George said his name, couldn't spend every recording session forgetting what he's meant to be doing because he's been too busy watching George's screen share.

George is on shirt number fourteen when Dream feels his resolve crumble, can feel his brain pushing himself to make more jokes about George being thick to stop his mouth blurting out that George looks so pretty when he smiles, that Dream is paying more attention to the way George's eyes crinkle when he laughs than he is to the speed run.

Dream thinks he'd turn the screen share off if he could, if it wasn't so fundamental to the video, just so he could force his gaze to his second monitor. George should look stupid, Dream *knows* this, knows that he should be laughing over how ridiculous George looks now that he's nearing twenty t-shirts, but instead he's laughing over how badly he wants to press a kiss onto George's nose, how badly he wants to push George's bangs out of his face.

George ends up beating the challenge, because he's George and Dream thinks he could do anything if he put his mind to it, and Dream thinks he's stupid for wanting to tell George how proud he is of him, knows George would just laugh it off, sounding awkward as he tells Dream it was just a

Minecraft video, would have no clue just how much Dream means it.

Then George ends the call, laughing to Dream and Sapnap that he needs to take a shower, and Dream is left staring at the spot on his screen where George had been, wishing George was in the room next to his and not a ten hour flight away.

Dream can hear Sapnap stretch from his room, can hear the sound of his chair being pushed against his desk, and he briefly wonders if he should go in to complain, wonders if Sapnap is fed up of hearing Dream talk about the way George's laugh lines look so kissable, fed up of hearing internal monologues about George spoken out loud, fed up of Dream dropping his head onto Sapnap's shoulder when he mentions George's giggle.

He probably is fed up, so instead Dream drops his head onto his desk and thinks about how George would sound if Dream ghosted his fingers over his sides, if he would tip his head back with laughter so loud the neighbours complain, if he'd smile into a kiss.

Dream watches the video of George taking all the shirts off about four times before he realises how truly fucked he is.

The fifth time pushes Dream off the edge, makes him second guess his decisions when he pauses the video on a still of George going to tug the *Scream* art shirt off. But George is doing that smile, the one where his gums are almost on show, and Dream wants to cry from how beautiful George is.

And his hair, his fucking *hair*, George's hair is pushed down on his forehead, messed up from multiple t-shirts being taken off, and it looks so fluffy, so soft. Dream wants to run his hands through it, wants to braid strands together whilst George sleeps on his chest, wants to bury his head in it and leave kisses all over the crown of George's head.

Dream thinks he could spend the rest of his life looking at George, could spend eternity counting George's freckles whilst George rambles about modern art, could look at the sparkle in George's eyes when he laughs until Dream knows nothing but hazel swirls and star constellations.

George being pretty is nothing new, but Dream's fingers itching to type George a paragraph about it is. Wondering if George knows Dream means it when he tells him he has pretty privilege is, wanting to tell George that Dream thinks about him from the moment he wakes up, sun shining in his eyes, until the moment he goes to sleep, eyes watching the moon and finding comfort in the fact George falls asleep under the same one is.

George brings it up in a call, because Dream's luck has run out and everything of importance in his life has happened over the dark grey of a Discord call.

"Did you like the extras video?"

George speaking pulls Dream out of his thoughts, pulls him out of watching the way George's

LED lights make his hair look purple, pulls Dream's eyeline back to where George is looking at him through the screen.

"Hm?"

George laughs, the small laugh he does when he thinks Dream's done something stupid, "For the shirt video, did you see the one I posted on my second channel?"

Dream wonders if George can tell through his webcam quality that he almost double takes, if George can sense Dream's guilt that he'd not only seen it, but re-watched it more times than he should have.

"Yeah," Dream says, and takes a quick glance to his own camera feed to make sure his hair looks okay, "It looked annoying as hell, especially for your laundry basket."

George laughs again, and Dream wonders what his laugh sounds like in person and not through a headset, wonders if George would laugh into Dream's shoulder, wonders if he'd be able to stop himself from pulling George into a kiss.

"I was wearing them for like, an hour max, no way I'm washing all of them."

"Sure," Dream replies, and he thinks George would be a fool to not notice that he smiles every time the older talks, "Congratulations on trending one and two though, you deserve it, George."

Dream knows his voice is too soft when he says it, knows that his eyes are closed in half crescent moons that border too much on fond, knows that George can probably see through it all.

"Thanks, Dream," George replies, and it's equally soft, like he's hiding a smile and Dream feels like he could scream, could yell to George that he thinks he's in love with him, "I think the fans liked it, liked my hair or whatever."

It's so endearing, so fucking endearing that George is still shy when he speaks about being complimented, it makes Dream sigh, makes him want to whisper praise into every part of George's skin until all George knows is, I love you, you're so pretty, you're everything to me, you're the only person I see myself with.

Dream can't say any of that though, can only breath into his mic and hope George *knows* .

"Your hair did look good," Dream does say, allows himself to compliment George, allows a little of the love in his heart to seep into his voice, "It suits you longer."

"Yeah?" George questions, and he brings his left hand up to tug a little on the front strands that fall just above his eyebrows, and now Dream has to stop himself from thinking about how perfectly George's hand would fit in his, how their skin tones would compliment each others, how George's knuckles would feel under the soft brush of Dream's finger tips.

"Yeah," Dream smiles, wonders if he looks like a love sick idiot, knows his the next words out his mouth confirm it, "You looked really pretty in that video."

Maybe he shouldn't have said that, maybe Dream should have kept his mouth shut and not let the love seep more and more until he has no choice but to let George know, let George know that he's the prettiest person Dream's laid eyes on, that when Dream can't sleep and not even Patches curled at his feet helps, he thinks about the way George sometimes smiles with his eyes, thinks about George curled on his chest whilst Dream reads them fantasy novels he knows almost as well as he knows George.

Maybe he should have though, because George is grinning over call, and Dream thinks his cheeks match the soft pink of his lighting, and George's eyes have that happy sparkle in them, the one that Dream compares to the blink of an aeroplane in a night's sky, and maybe Dream will never stop telling George how pretty he is if it means he never stops smiling like that.

"I did?" George speaks, and he sounds bashful, and Dream wants to memorise every line on his face.

"Yeah, but," Dream starts, and doesn't even debate whether or not to carry on when George shyly laughs into his hand, "You always look pretty, George, I always think you're the prettiest person I've ever seen."

"Stop," George laughs, and Dream knows he doesn't mean it, knows that George's smile matches Dream's own, "You're just saying that."

"I'm not," Dream replies, too fast for a person just saying something, "George, fuck, you must know you're beautiful."

George shakes his head a little, hair fanning out and a smile hidden behind a hand that Dream wishes he could hold, "Not really."

"You are, I, fuck," Dream mutters, and George is looking at him so earnestly, as if he's taking every word Dream says as pages torn out a Bible, and Dream doesn't know if he has the words George deserves, "You're everything to me George, sometimes I just look at you and think you can't be real, and then it pisses me off because you're so perfect, and you laugh at all these stupid jokes I say, and you're such an *idiot*, but you smile and I can't fucking breathe or think about anything else for the rest of the day, and I'm a hundred per cent sure I'm in love with you."

Dream wonders if George is smiling now, wonders if he had the courage to look at his monitor instead of the chipped wood of his desk, or if he's see George frowning, George's teeth tugging at his nails why he works out a way to let Dream down softly, because George is the nicest person Dream knows and would feel too bad to be brutally honest.

"Dream," George speaks, and Dream has to look up, can't stare at wood grains when George is calling his name, "I don't know what to say."

Dream feels his stomach fall, but this time it's the bad way, the way it feels before you throw up last night's dinner, the way it feels to know the one person you'll ever love doesn't feel the same way.

"It's fine," Dream says, grin pulled too tight to be genuine, eyes near shut but only to push against the tears building behind them, "Sorry to spill that all on you, I hope it doesn't change anything."

"*No*," George says, and he's smiling a little, a bit nervous and unsure, but he's smiling, and Dream wonders if his luck has turned around, "I want it to change things, I just, I'm not good with words like you are."

Oh. *Oh*.

"You do?"

"Yes, Dream, yeah, I really like you, so much, you're basically all I think about."

Dream knows he's grinning so hard he looks stupid, knows the apples of his cheeks are pushing up against his eyes, but George is laughing, his hair falling into his eyes and Dream thinks everything

is going to be okay.

George is prettier in person, and Dream didn't even think that would be possible.

But he is, George is prettier when they drive down Floridian roads, and Dream takes his eyes off the road for a split second so he can gaze at George, can watch the way the hair curling around his ears blows gently in the wind, can feel his stomach swoop when George turns to him with a smile, telling Dream to watch where they're going.

George is prettier in the sun, and Dream has given up counting all his freckles now, had lost count on George's second month there, had got to forty three and realised he was counting more and more every day. Dream's taken to kissing them instead, pressing his lips onto George's nose and cheeks until George is giggling so hard he complains of a sore tummy later.

George is prettier wrapped in Dream's arms, is softer in a way, when he yawns onto Dream's bare chest and mutters a soft 'I love you' before he drifts off to sleep, blissfully unaware of how it makes Dream's toes curl.

George is prettier when he meets Dream's parents, hands shaking under Dream's tight grip on them, prettier when he walks in and gives Dream's mom flowers, prettier when he sighs into a hug in Dream's childhood bedroom, prettier when Dream kisses him under the glow in the dark stars stuck to his ceiling.

George is prettier now Dream can call him his.

End Notes

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